



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

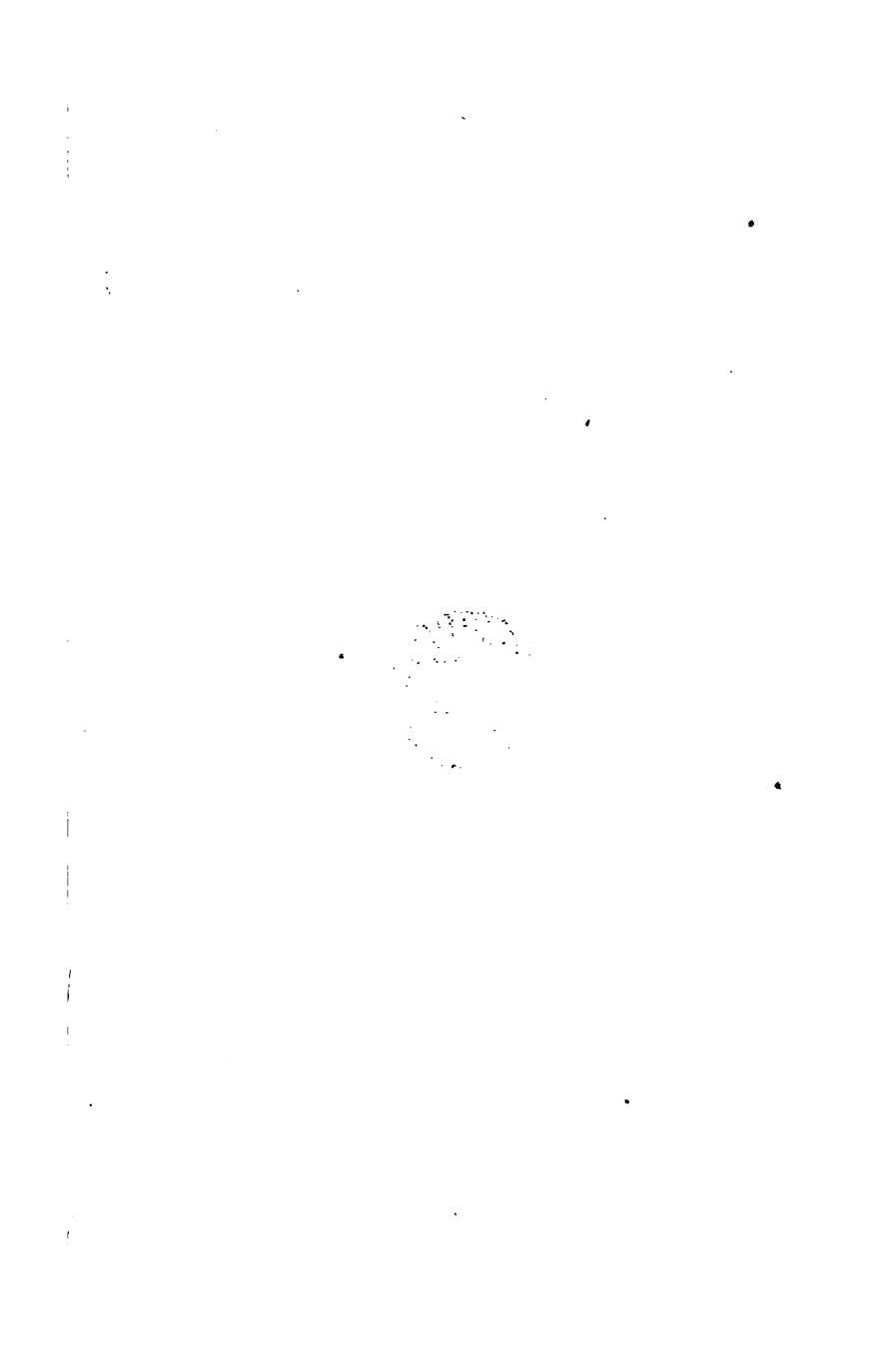
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Light
at
Ebentide



600081020H





Light at Eventide.

L. H.
=

A

NARRATIVE OF LYDIA M***,

A CONVERTED JEWESS.

LONDON:
WERTHEIM, MACINTOSH, AND HUNT,
24, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
AND 23, HOLLES-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE.

1853.

210. m. 191.



P R E F A C E.

THE following brief sketch was intended for private circulation in manuscript. I have yielded to an earnest request to allow it to appear in print. May it be to the glory of God!

The subject of it, Miss Lydia M., was a Jewess, resident for some years at Marseilles. For a long period I had carried on an active correspondence with her, but not foreseeing that her letters would contain the remarkable facts which they subsequently unfold, I took no pains carefully to preserve them. Happily I have retained a sufficient number, from the year 1849 to 1858, to link together a continuous history.

I have selected extracts from those, principally, which mark the rise and progress of religious light in a mind piously disposed,

but deeply prejudiced against the truth, until the Sun of Righteousness arose upon her with healing in His wings, and dispelled the mists of darkness and of error.

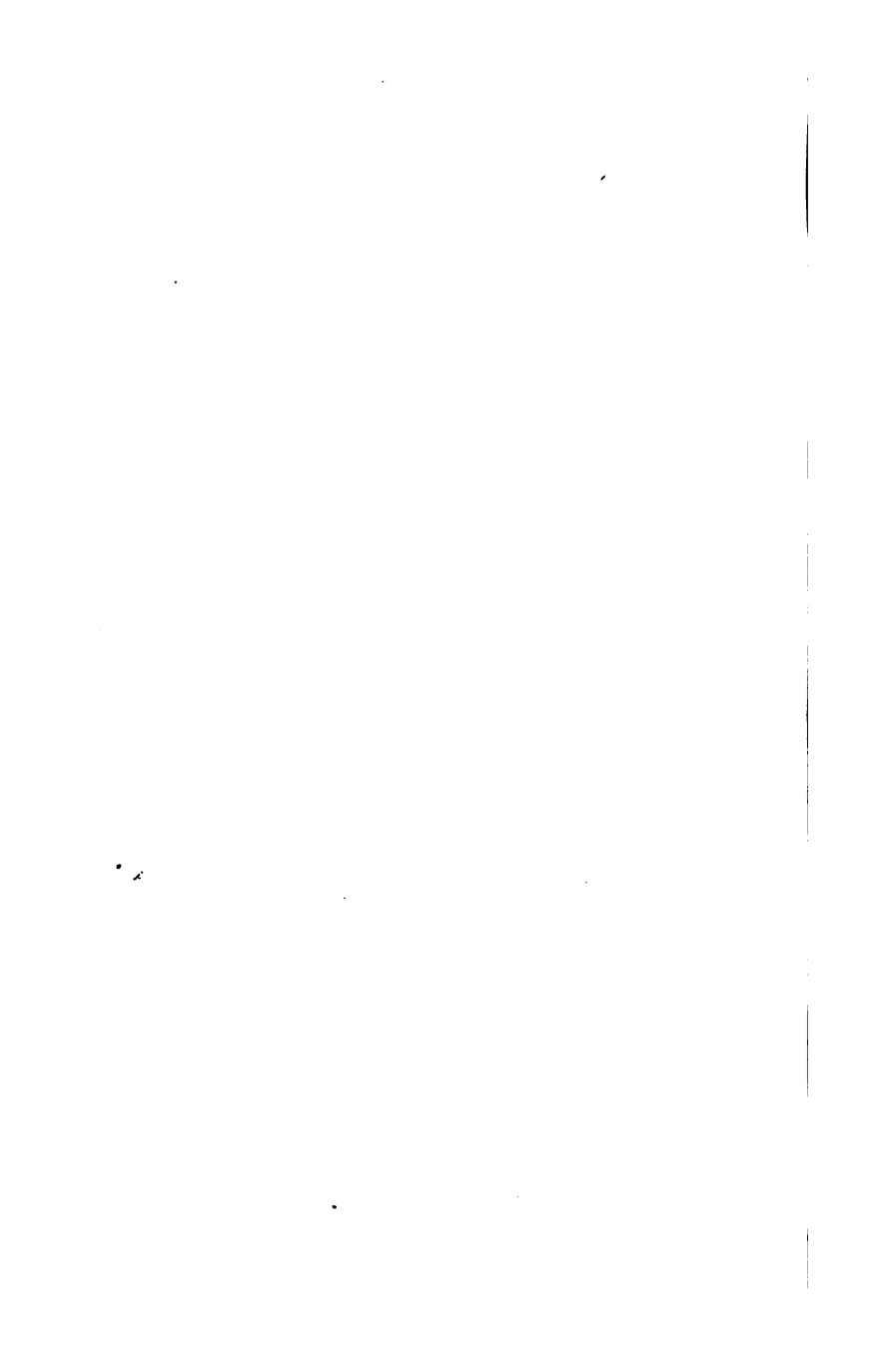
My object has been twofold. First, to meet the objection which has been made, that from her advanced age, her mind was naturally weakened, and her judgment easily worked upon—and that, under these circumstances her conversion took place. The perusal of her own letters will be the strongest argument to refute this objection. The vigour and energy of her mind stands prominently forward in every page—whether she writes upon matters of every day life, or argues with her opponents on religious topics, or expatiates on the happiness of her subsequent experience—all alike bear the impress of remarkable clearness and vigour.

But the second and far higher object which I have in view, is to manifest, by the blessing of God, in the history of this aged

saint, the power of His Word and the fulfilment of all His gracious promises, who never said to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye me," in vain—and to lead others by her example to search the Scriptures with the same diligent and candid mind. God enabled her, under the most trying circumstances, to lay aside "the fear of man, which bringeth a snare," and to cast herself, soul, body, and spirit, upon the Lord her Redeemer, for time and for eternity. And now she is gathered in—a sheaf of that great forthcoming harvest when "all Israel shall be saved," when they shall be made "an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations," for "their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people. All that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed." (Isa. lxi. 9.)

L. H.

August, 1858.



LETTERS.

FROM MISS LYDIA M. TO L. H.

MARSEILLES, *Oct.*, 1849.

MY DEAR L.,

* * * * * I am always occupied about some trifles in domestic affairs, and these distract my mind so often from those of greater consequence. What a confusion has the cholera created! Our house was entirely deserted; all flew off and left me quite alone; my amongst the rest; all frightened to die of it, and they would fain have me to be the same, but nothing could move me; my trust in the Almighty is so firm, that I am persuaded His power (if He wills it) can save us in the midst of dangers. O! how thankful I am that the Lord has been so merciful as to keep me in tolerably good health. May He make me worthy of this blessing. My gland* is no better; very painful in change of weather. Upon the whole, I am wonderfully blessed at the age of 77

* A cancer in her breast.

years. I perceive my hands tremble, and my sight is not very strong; however, I praise my God for all His mercies to me; how many have lost the use of both before my age. Sir M. called to see me on his return from the East. He kindly gave me in parting 500 francs. God, I hope, will repay him for it. I dread Dr. Rampal's account, it is of 18 months' standing; but the good God is all-sufficient. Mdle. du P. has called twice; she is a good woman, and therefore I esteem her. I wish she lived nearer, for I am so lonely in the evening. God in heaven bless you, my dear L., and believe me to remain,

Your truly obliged and affectionate,

LYDIA M.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

May, 1850.

MY DEAR L.,

I avail myself of a few moments' ease to tell you I have received your very affectionate letter. One containing money has been lost, and every search made for it, but as yet in vain. I pray God that you may never be in need of the help of others, for it is a hard trial to a

feeling mind. I am no longer that cheerful being I was before ; I do not repine at trifling adversities, for this life was never intended to be a smooth one. Oh ! what unhappiness has the failure of ——* caused me. However, the Lord is all to me, and I trust I shall never want a friend.

Believe me,

Your ever affectionate,

L. M.

FROM MR. H. TO L. H., RESPECTING THE AGED
HEROINE.

Sept. 28, 1850.

MY DEAR L.,

I have seen a good deal lately of the aged Lydia M. She was suffering dreadfully from the cancer in her left breast. In my visit to her of the 18th, she declared to me that she was determined to submit to the awful and dangerous operation of having the cancer extracted ; and that she had in consequence consulted an eminent operator, Mr. Coste, who, after excruciating and painful probing, told her he would un-

* The failure of a mercantile house, by which she lost the greater part of her income.

dertake it, giving her flattering assurances that she would survive the operation. I durst not under these circumstances give her any advice, but determined on seeing Dr. Chargé, who is intimate with Dr. Coste, and get his opinion. Three days elapsed without Chargé's meeting Coste, and on Sunday, the 22nd, I went to visit the unfortunate sufferer, and found her still determined. Judge of my surprise on learning the next day, Monday, 23rd, that the operation had actually taken place at 10 o'clock in the morning, and yet without the possibility of rendering her insensible by the administration of the recent discovery of *chloroform*! She is now going on as well and better than could be expected. Perhaps she may completely recover, and pass her remaining few days in comparative health and comfort. Your letter to her, with the seal unbroken, was sent me this morning, with a message to open and answer it.

Believe me,

My beloved L.,

Your attached,

E. H.

There was more than personal courage, there was more than the pleasure of a surprise which

led the aged Lydia to conceal from the writer of the above letter the day and hour of her intended operation; it was consideration worthy of the most Christian heart. For her kind friend was an aged and a nervous man, a constant sufferer himself, and therefore peculiarly sympathising with the sufferings of others. It might be truly said of him, "When they were sick, I put on sackcloth." (Ps. xxxv. 13.)

The news of the successful issue of this fearful operation, greatly strengthened my faith to continue in prayer for the perfecting of a still greater cure. I argued like Manoah's wife, "Surely this preservation of life is an earnest of better things in store;" when He shall say, "Daughter, go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee."

FROM MISS LYDIA M. TO L. H.

MARSEILLES, *March*, 1851.

MY DEAR L.,

As I have been so long silent, I fear you may have formed a wrong opinion of my heart, and think I am like Jeshurun, who grew fat and kicked. Far be such ingratitude from me; many

times I have taken up my pen, and as many times laid it aside again, not having a word sufficiently strong to express my most grateful thanks, and to convince you how I feel for all the trouble I have occasioned you, in raising a help among our kind friends for me—indeed beyond my expectation. Do tell J. that I hope he will excuse my not addressing him a letter apart, to return my most grateful acknowledgments for his noble present. I beg you to say to him, my dear L., that I can only pray that God may bless him and his, with all and every good. My sight is much weakened since the operation ; I get very infirm, and keep at home for weeks together. I read and work a little at intervals ; however, I am wonderfully well, considering my advanced age of 78 years. Oh ! how many thanks I owe to the bountiful Creator for the many mercies shewn to me, a sinner. I sent my servant yesterday to Mr. H. I pity him from my heart, he is so nervous ; he is always wishing for death, and says Satan is urging him to destroy himself. I took the liberty to tell him that was not the language of a religious man ; I begged him to pray to God for patience and strength of mind, and then the evil adversary would have no power over him. I am longing for an English social cup of tea, but alone there is no zest in it. This winter has been very mild—

the last month was quite spring weather—the almonds and early fruit-trees were in full blossom, but March came in with a vengeance, and cut them all off. We are now quaking with cold winds and damp, but the Lord knows what is best for us; we do not merit half the mercies that He bestows on us wicked mortals. I am hourly praying for a thorough and sincere repentance, and trust in the God Almighty to pardon all His children—so be it—Amen. I began the third time to read your enormous book of 500 and odd pages;* but the Rev. Dr. M'Caul should have remembered that what he writes about the oral law, existed many centuries ago, when most of the world had merged into idolatry, and each person took the liberty to make his own laws, as he fancied, for his own interest: and the innocent and credulous suffered for it. The rabbies then had power, but now they are nobodies. As to the Atonement, the Passover, and other festivals and holy days, the Bible admonishes us Israelites to keep them most strictly. I admit that there are many frivolous ceremonies that the ignorant and superstitious follow, as is the case in all religions; but the majority follow the law of Moses and the Prophets. If the heart is pure, and the intention sincere,

* "Old Paths," by Dr. M'Caul.

God pardons. I pray God to pardon all the world, and to send His blessing on every one of us.

Believe me always,

Yours affectionately,

LYDIA M.

“If the heart is pure, and the intention sincere!” True, dear aged friend, for “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,” and “Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness;” but thou knowest not yet, that it is only the blood of Christ which can cleanse and purify thy heart, and only His Spirit that can give thee light.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

February, 1852.

MY DEAR L.,

* * * * * I hear the Queen of Spain has been stabbed—but, thank heaven, not mortally—and by a priest; the villain is in security. This siècle which is called enlightened, I should say, is darkened with wickedness; for never was there so much blood shed in the world, except in time of war. Oh, Lord! how thy longsuffering endureth

towards us ; send to us thy Prophet, the Messiah, speedily, to cleanse us from our sins, that we may serve thee, O God, in truth and faithfulness, and for ever, Amen. I am suffering from weak eyes ; you may perceive it in my handwriting. I pray for patience, since our God decrees all. A few nights since, I received a terrible blow in stooping to pick up something ; thank God, I did not knock my eye out, but I was consoled in meditating on the great Creator. *He punishes here, that we may receive double glory in eternity ; therefore we hope every cross here below may, and certainly will, be blessings to us hereafter.*

Believe me,

Yours ever,

LYDIA M.

Her eyes were preserved, yet the latter part of the foregoing letter only shews the thickness of the mental vision ; but when her sight became dim, might she not say, “whereas I *was* blind, *now* I see.” Hearing at this time that Her Majesty had appointed a British Chaplain at Marseilles, and hearing, moreover, that he was a converted Israelite, I lost no time in writing to him, to beg he would call on Miss M., giving a little sketch of her previous history and circumstances. He kindly sent me the following reply.

FROM THE REV. J. MAYERS TO MRS. H.

MARSEILLES, *Feb.*, 1852.

DEAR MADAM,

I lost no time in complying with your request. Your kind and touching letter reached me on Sunday last, and though I am at present not in good health, I felt it my duty to call yesterday on Miss M. I am grieved at not being able to send you more gratifying and hopeful intelligence concerning her state of mind. I found and left her an out-and-out Jewess. She was surprised, as you may imagine, at my visit ; but quickly recovering her composure, she entered with youthful energy into a long and animated discussion. Time and space would fail me to give you its details. I will seek to state correctly the outlines. She professed that she herself found great comfort and consolation of mind in the fear and worship of Jehovah—to love all, irrespective of creed and clime, who love and serve the God of heaven and earth. I endeavoured to show her there was a vast difference between the doctrine of a merely abstract Deism and the doctrine of the Old Testament, relating to the Godhead, who is to be approached and worshipped only through the Messiah—the appointed Mediator, the Day's Man—"Immanuel." Upon which she exclaimed, with great vehemence, "I see your drift; but you

will never convince me that the Messiah was to be killed." I then entered on a long exposition of the doctrine of the Atonement from the sacrifices of the Levitical dispensation, pointed to the 53rd Isaiah, shewed the twofold advent of God's Son, in humiliation and in great power and glory; but she invariably and with unbending stubbornness came back to these two points, "It is impossible that Messiah should be killed; shew me from the Old Testament that Messiah was to appear twice in the manner described by you, and I will become a Christian." Alas! the veil is very grievously and thickly upon her. "Can these dry bones live?" Only when the Spirit of the living Jehovah shall breathe upon them. I never witnessed more wilfulness. Whenever I insisted on the vicarious suffering of the blessed Redeemer, as taught in Isaiah liii., she always, with great bitterness, declared that the Prophet spoke of the false Messiah, notwithstanding my bringing before her the 10th and 11th verses,* and the con-

* "Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief: when thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days; and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand. He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied: by His knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, for He shall bear their iniquities."

sequent absurdity of her assumption. Our parting, however, was on very friendly terms; when I proposed to call again, she said she would be glad to see me at any time except on the Saturday—a day set apart for prayer and reading the Bible. I must mention a singular circumstance connected with your letter. You refer in it to the “live coal from the altar,” and I received your letter within a very little space before my going into the pulpit to preach from that very passage; my last Sunday’s text being from Isaiah vi. 5—7. If Dr. Marsh is still at Brighton, pray oblige me by conveying to him my most affectionate regards. Probably you are aware that I was formerly his curate, and that I am indebted to him, besides many temporal benefits, for the light and knowledge of the Gospel, instrumentally as God’s agent, to lead me to Christ, whom to know is life eternal.

Believe me,

Dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

M. J. MAYERS.

On perusing the above letter, and reiterating Mr. M’s. quotation, “Can these dry bones live?” I could only redouble my earnest prayer, “Come

from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!" "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

March, 1852.

DEAR MADAM,

You will be gratified to learn that I have made some progress in the good opinion, at least, of your aged friend. She treats me with great kindness. I have brought her thus far to speak with more respect of our blessed Lord, and to acknowledge that real and vital English religion tends even to live holily and godly. I pressed this very much upon her as an evidence of the truth of Christianity:—that if the religion of Christ, when cordially received into the heart, produces the peaceable fruits of righteousness, then that religion must be of God, else there would be a contradiction in the character of the Deity. She is utterly unconscious that I am carrying on a correspondence with you. She made me read your last letter, and her Jewish heart swelled with national and patriotic pride at the facts you mention of the Holy City and the discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh. She complains of

the weakness of her eye sight; whereon I remarked, that I feared she laboured under a worse evil—a dimness of the mental vision, and that I would fervently pray for its removal. She smiled, and shook me heartily by the hand.

Yours most faithfully,

M. J. MAYERS.

I received a letter from her in the month following Mr. Mayers' first visit. She makes no mention of it whatsoever, but in a subsequent letter of two months later date she writes, "The English minister who is going in a few days to our country, and will be returning in about a month, very politely called on me, to offer his services to carry any parcel for me to England. He seems a most kind and excellent man. He invited me to his house, but indisposition prevents my going out. I, therefore, begged him to bring his wife and family to see me, that I might have the pleasure of their acquaintance. I expect them to-morrow." Surely, thought I, this is another token for good; the door of opportunity thus voluntarily set open, when there might have been reason to fear she would close it.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MARSEILLES, *April*, 1852.

DEAR MRS. H.,

You will, I think, pardon me for this repeated trespass on your attention, but every thing connected with the aged Lydia M. is, I know, of great interest to you. You will learn with pleasure, that she has unbended to me more of late, though she continues to maintain very strictly her Jewish opinions. In our last conversation I brought her to a complete stand-still. I drove her into a corner, which seemed to annoy the old lady very much. A favourite topic of hers, to urge against Christianity, is the warning given by Moses, in Deut. xiii., in reference to a false prophet that may arise in Israel, and who is to be slain or killed, a representation which she applies to our blessed Lord. I showed her the inapplicability of that passage of Scripture, inasmuch as our Lord came in the name of Jehovah, and that all His witness and testimony were in support of the Law and the Prophets. To which she objected, that Christ blasphemously assumed the character and title of the Godhead, as if indeed He were God. I told her that this act was in perfect accordance as well with the didactic as prophetic statements of the Old Testament; to which she

very hastily and vehemently exclaimed, "No, never." I then repeated to her Isaiah ix. 6, "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," laying stress upon the term "Everlasting Father;" also the passage from Jer. xxiii. 6, "And this is the name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness," (quotations, the full authority of which she, of course, acknowledges,) which completely and evidently mortified her. Recovering her self-possession after a few minutes, she observed, "Though we are opponents in points of religion, we can nevertheless continue to be friends." We know, dear madam, that "all things are possible with God;" "Who made thee to differ?" No one apprehends better than the Christian minister—for he knows it not only from his own experience, but from his constant observation of others—that the work of conversion, from beginning to end, is of God. It is His gracious Spirit that quickens. It is He who kindles the earliest spark of life in the soul of man, in which the life of God has become extinct. Let us be earnest in prayer for this aged Israelite, that He who caused the light to shine out of darkness, may in His mercy, and in the eleventh

hour, shine in her heart, to give her the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Amen.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Yours very truly,

M. J. MAYERS.

FROM LYDIA M. TO MRS. H.

October, 1852.

MY DEAREST L.,

I have not forgotten you, although I do not write very often ; you are always present in my prayers, morning, noon, and evening ; my poor eyes are the cause of my silence. This is a great affliction for one who detests idleness. I am obliged to refrain from reading, working, or writing ; above all, I am forbidden to approach a charcoal fire. I have no news of interest to relate to you. There are *on dits* about Napoleon, but not one of any truth. I pray God to grant us peace and tranquillity with contentment. May commerce revive, the poor not be idle, and the rich open their purses wide to those who are not able to work. Pray tell G. to send me a newspaper

once a month, not oftener, as I dare not read much. It is a great privation to me who am so solitary. I have one pleasure, I can repeat most of my prayers by heart, and the rest I compose. Last month I entered my eightieth year. God be praised who has thus far held me up. I retire at half-past eight, rise at seven, sometimes sooner, yet I never find the day too long, I always find some occupation. But you may see by my handwriting how I have fallen off. But I have had my day, and God's will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; praised be His holy name! I pray to submit to the decrees of the Almighty. I cannot write any more, my sight is so dim, except to assure you of my unalterable affection; and praying for your happiness,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

LYDIA M.

Her increasing affection to me gave me constant encouragement, for in every letter I put before her the truth "as it is in Jesus;" oftentimes in terms that might justly rouse her; indeed, I wished her to be roused. For instance, I wrote to her that there could not be two right ways, or two Gods to worship—that either she or I must be wrong; and that, if Jesus were not

God, she must look upon me as an idolater and a blasphemer. She misunderstood me, and supposed that I called *her* an idolater for not worshipping Jesus, and the following remarkable answer came in reply, with its light glimmering through the darkness.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

November, 1852.

MY DEAR L.,

I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st inst., and thank you for praying that my eyes may be opened to the truth. In all your letters you have judged me wrongly. I have borne it till now for this reason, that I do not approve of discussions upon religion with those of different opinions to my own; but your last forces me to tell you that you were wrong in your judgment, when you set me down as an idolater. Oh, no! our divine religion does not teach idolatry. It is true we idolize * One who is the Holy God in heaven, and He sent His chosen ones into captivity, to work out the sins of our forefathers, who were urged on by the heathen nations to that atrocious deed, to kill the Anointed of the Lord. Certainly, their faith was small not to have

* She means worship.

resisted, (much like the thief and the receiver of stolen goods.) But He has promised to receive us again, and to give us double in mercies. You see you are mistaken in thinking I do not believe in the Lord's Anointed, who was named on earth Jesus Christ. Yes, I do believe He has been and will come again at the end of the world ; and I do pray to Him to intercede for us all with our heavenly Father to pardon our sins and transgressions. But God's covenant, that He made with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, must never depart from us. The law, which God commanded to teach the children of Israel, must never be altered from generation to generation, henceforth and for ever. We are set up as a banner for the whole world to follow. I have no prejudices. I love them that love me, (except the wicked,) be their religion ever so opposite. Enough. I am sorry to hear of the loss of J. C. I hope he is in glory, and did not leave it till the eleventh hour to pray for pardon. I believe he was a good young man, but we are none too good—all sinners, more or less.

I thought the lines you sent me very good. I am getting them by heart. I cannot bear to be a moment idle. On Sunday the whole house goes to vespers; and here am I, quite happy with my God, who I trust is ever around me.

The only book I really take delight in is my Bible. I am expecting to hear very soon that Louis Napoleon will proclaim himself Emperor. All I desire is, that the title may bring with it peace and prosperity. Adieu

Ever your affectionate,

LYDIA M.

I sent her a volume of hymns, and a friend informed me that the old lady would repeat to her page after page from memory, and was delighted that the author knew so well how to express what was passing in her own heart.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

March, 1853.

MY DEAR L.,

Madame R. held out a hope that I might have the pleasure of seeing you in the spring—indeed, what can prevent you? At your age I was as sprightly as many at five and twenty. What will become of you if you live to my age, with so many infirmities? frequent cramp in my legs, gouty feet, dim sight, and now and then hardness of hearing. And yet I am a miracle in comparison of many others much younger. I

continue to rise at seven or half-past, bustle about, read, work, write, till I can see no more, sup at five, and am in bed at nine the latest. How can I sufficiently praise the Lord for all His goodness to me. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths." I have been reading "Uncle Tom" in French, and, if spared, I hope to read it in English. Don't you think Eva's character exaggerated? It affected me much. I attacked a republican one day, and said, "You, who cry out for liberty and equality, it would be an honour to you to stir up your forces for the liberty of the poor slaves. No one, then, would oppose you, whereas now you have many different opinions to contend against." But I might as well have spoken to the wall. When I recommended him to read "Uncle Tom," and offered to lend it to him, he thanked me, but said he had no time to read. I imagine he is pushed on by pay. Thank the Lord I am much better, though infirmities are creeping fast upon me. Mr. Mayers and his family are in great affliction; they have lost their youngest daughter, a child eight years of age; she died yesterday of brain fever. A happy release for her at that age, having such *trifling sins to answer for*; would that I had been taken from this wicked world when I was six years old—the age at which I was thought to be

dying from small-pox—but I was left to suffer.
The Lord's will be done. Wishing you health
and happiness, I remain as ever,

Most affectionately yours,

AGED LYDIA M.

Praised be His name, she was not taken away
at six years old, but spared to accomplish eighty
and six years—till her eye should see, and her
ear should hear, and her heart should conceive,
the good things prepared for her, and which now
God hath revealed to her by His Spirit.

“Not what we wish, but what we want,
Do thou, O Lord, supply;
The good unasked, in mercy grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

October, 1853.

DEAREST L.,

Do you continue to read the discourses I sent you?* You say that repentance is not sufficient for forgiveness of sins. Then why did king David say to God, “Thou desirest not sacri

* Two volumes of Jewish Sermons.

fice, else would I give it Thee; Thou delightest not in burnt offerings; the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." Let us follow God's commandments, and do unto others as we would they should do unto us, and be patient under all adversities. But the last, I fear, I am deficient in, for I am often very irritable and impatient. I have been pretty well tried for at least three months, cramps in my legs, more often in bed than up; but I repeat, all is right that our Heavenly Father inflicts. I am now much better, God be praised for it, at my advanced age, being in my eighty-first year. I seldom go out; when I do, it is always alone, as then I am more sure of my steps, than when any one is at my side. I always offer up a prayer before I leave my room, that the Lord may lead me in His paths, that my footsteps slip not, and hide me under His wings. I am still active about my domestic affairs, rising early, for nothing is done in order till I am up. My servant has now been living with me three years, since the day before my operation, but I cannot get her into habits of order and economy. She has one good quality—she is very honest. I wish you had sent me the "Wide, Wide World;" there is no getting it here. When you write to dear G., thank him much for his presents. I

wish I could send you both something in return
worth your acceptance. Good-bye, my dear L.,
God in heaven bless you, prays,

Your affectionate,

LYDIA M.

"At evening time it shall be light."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

October, 1854.

DEAR L.,

I have at last taken courage to reply to some of your letters, dates *n'importe*. I have read "the Book and its Story"—the missionary's aid for converting the blind and stupid. I read it with much interest, and I pray ardently that it may bring the whole world to believe, as *I now do*, that Jesus Christ, God's only begotten Son, was ordained to be crucified, to take away all our sins, &c., &c., and that by believing in Him we shall be saved. Madame R. lent me the Old and New Testament bound together. The Old Testament I almost knew by heart, but the New I had never before read. I have studied it closely during many evenings, which has sorely pained my eyes; but, oh! how plainly and typically the Bible shows the coming of Messiah. I have thought so long since, before you endeavoured to bring me to believe.

Oh! my dear L., had God so ordered your abode close to me, I should have listened better than by your letters, and perhaps been baptized ere now. Pray be *very secret* of the words of this letter. I cannot say more. My heart is too full. My country residence of ten weeks did not improve my health. The fatigue was too much for me at my time of life. I continue very feeble. The Lord's will be done. If He heals me, I shall be healed. If He saves me, I shall be saved. Thanks to our heavenly Father, the cholera is over at Marseilles. I have lost my poor landlady, she died in the country, leaving Marseilles to escape the cholera. I went with regret, as I was not afraid. I completed last week my eighty-first year, so excuse the defects for my age's sake. "He is in the Father, and the Father in Him." Amen.

Your truly affectionate,

LYDIA M.

What words can express my surprise at the declaration contained in the former part of this letter! An actual declaration in the belief of a crucified Redeemer. Over and over again did I read the words, "And I pray ardently that the whole world may believe, as I do now, that Jesus Christ, God's only begotten Son, was ordained to

be crucified, to take away all our sins, and that by believing in Him we shall be saved." Could this be from one of whom it was said, only two years before, "She is an out-and-out Jewess; I never witnessed such unbending stubbornness?" But at the same time her own words were, "Only convince me that Messiah was to die, and I will believe." And the Holy Spirit did convince her that it was He of whom, in the 53rd of Isaiah, it is written, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and by *His stripes* we are healed. He was *cut off* out of the land of the living." She was well read in the Old Testament Scriptures, and therefore ready to receive the New—for what is the New Testament but the superstructure raised upon the Old foundation? And "that it might be fulfilled," is the key of the whole Gospel. When Jesus opened the eyes of the two disciples walking to Emmaus, what is it He said? (Luke xxiv. 26, 27.) "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory? And *beginning at Moses* and all the Prophets, he expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." This was the fulfilment of which the aged Lydia speaks when she says, "O how plainly and typically the Bible shows," &c. It will be perceived

that there is an interval of a year between the last and the previous letter—one is dated October, 1853, and the other October, 1854. She did write to me, though very seldom, during that period; and I afterwards learned that her time had been almost wholly occupied in searching the Scriptures, and that her views of Christianity were becoming more and more distinct.

Mr. Mayers being absent on a visit to his son in America, Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, missionary to the Jews, were introduced to Lydia M. She conceived a great affection for them. They visited her with undeviating kindness and faithfulness, and their intercourse was eminently blessed to her comfort and peace.

Her last letter took me so by surprise, that I immediately wrote for a solution to Madame R., the kind friend who had given her the English Bible. Her reply stated that the gift of this Bible was the result of a long conversation with Lydia M., ending with the simple question, "Have you ever read the long letter that St. Paul wrote to the Jews?" "No." "Will you read it if I send it you?" "Certainly I will," was the reply; and it was upon the very first reading of the Epistle to the Hebrews that her candid mind was powerfully struck with the fulfilment of all the types contained in the rites and sacrifices of the

Levitical dispensation, and that the Lord opened her heart, as He did Lydia of old,* to attend to the things spoken of Paul. She next studied the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, in order to get a clear view of the life of Christ, using no other commentary than the marginal references, that the Bible might be its own interpreter. The aged student seemed lost in admiration while reading the Epistle to the Hebrews; but her heart was deeply affected in following Christ upon His errand of mercy to poor sinners, as detailed in the Gospels.

A touching incident I cannot refrain from adverting to, is the fact of one of her sisters, now in glory, having been led at the age of three-score years and ten, to believe in the truth as it is in Jesus, at the very first perusal of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes."†

Lydia M. now began (Oct., 1854) to express a wish for baptism, provided it could be done very secretly. "I should not even like my servant to

* Acts xvi. 4.

† Psalm xix. 7 8.

know it." How is the heart of man the same in all ages! Whether it be Nicodemus, and the eleven disciples in the first century, or our aged friend in the present one, it is still "secretly, for fear of the Jews." Mr. Cohen strongly advised her to defer this step until she could divest her mind of the fear of man, and not feel ashamed to confess Christ, or to endure persecution for His sake. He told her to make it a matter of prayer before God, and he would do the same. Her desire became daily stronger, and at length she said to him, "I shall not be happy till I am baptized; my confidence is in God, and He will not lay upon me more than I am able to bear." Accordingly, in the following January, she was baptized; her own account of which, and the preparation thereto, I subjoin in her own words.

January 31, 1855.

MY DEAR L.,

I will not defer any longer sending you a few lines, to assure you I feel more and more happy daily since my baptism. It wanted but you, dearest, to complete that happy day of the 18th January. Our little party consisted of the pastor and his wife, Mr. and Mde. Jean Monod, Mdlle. Du P., Mr. A., Mr. and Mrs.

Cohen, and an old lady of eighty-four, I hope a humble servant of the blessed Jesus, to whom be glory and honour for ever, Amen. Mrs. Cohen accompanied me home at four o'clock. She was brought up a Protestant, but her husband is a converted Israelite; he was converted twelve years since, and is a missionary; they have been married seven years. They often come to see me, and to put me on the right road; they are so good and so kind. The L....'s here are inveterate against me. Before my baptism two of them came and threw out such abuse at me, that I was obliged to run away into another room, and lock myself in. They said I was damned, and that there was no forgiveness for me, and that I had lost my senses. I never answered, but, as you may suppose, I was much agitated by their conduct. I was ashamed that the people of the house should witness it. They said when Sir M. comes to know it, he will certainly cut me off. I have only seen one of them since; she came to inquire if I intended to continue my allowance to the poor Israelites. I said, "Most assuredly, even to my greatest enemies;" she left without another word. If Sir M. takes away his gifts, there is One above who will, I trust, pay me more by His grace. Oh! how I pity those who continue yet blind to the saving of their souls. Do, dear

L., say all that is living in your brothers for me ; God bless you all abundantly with every good. I received a letter from S. A. about a month since ; she observed—these were her words—“ You seem to me to lean towards the Christian religion, but I hope you will not change, for my part, I never shall.” I have not yet answered that letter. I cannot make up my mind to do so ; but I pray to God, who, I hope, will yet open their eyes to the truth.

A fortnight before I was baptized, Mr. Monod came regularly every day after dinner to question me why I desired baptism ; and as my answers were, so he wrote them down before me ; never hurrying me, for I wished to be more and more satisfied before I entered into so solemn an engagement, that my faith might be clear, and my conscience good, before I fixed on *that*—let me say—*happy day*. Then he would kneel down, and make such a sweet prayer for me before he left, that brought many a tear from my poor feeble eyes. I have enclosed the questions and answers, all in French. I have half forgotten my English.

Believe me, dearest L.,

Your ever affectionate,

LYDIA M.

MADAME RABAUD'S
ACCOUNT OF THE BAPTISMAL CEREMONY.

TO L. H.

(*Translation.*)

MARSEILLES, *January 18, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The ceremony of the baptism of our dear aged Lydia is accomplished. She has been received into the Christian Church by her own unconstrained wish. She has just left us to return home full of joy, and we have all been edified and cheered ; for truly it was a happy day, you only were wanting ; but we know that you were with us in spirit and in prayer. You are, no doubt, desirous of hearing a full account.

This morning, at ten o'clock, Mrs. Cohen called for our aged friend in a carriage, and brought her here. I received her at the door. My drawing-room was well warmed, and I established her in a comfortable arm chair by the fire side, and we enjoyed some delightful conversation while waiting for Mr. and Mde. Jean Monod and Mr. Cohen. When all were assembled, Mr. Cohen, the godfather, and I, the godmother, stood on each side of her, and Mr. Monod in front. This latter gave a most appropriate address, and

with that happy tact so peculiar to him. We were much edified by it. He pronounced it very slowly, and with a clear voice, in order that the old lady might understand each word. She said "Amen," at whatever especially affected her. Then the 103rd Psalm was read, and also a well chosen selection of texts from the New Testament. Then, upon her knees, the aged Lydia read her confession of faith, which Mr. Monod had written down at his several interviews with her at home, and then she was baptized. After the ceremony, the ladies all embraced her, and the gentlemen gave her the right hand of fellowship. We sat down to dinner, a little party of ten, and repaired again into the drawing-room till four, when Mrs. Cohen kindly took her venerable charge home. On leaving she said to me, "I am *so* happy." I forgot to tell you that according to your injunction I did not read her your last letter till after our dinner, in which you say that your brother J. has promised to supply her need, in case Sir M. should withdraw his bounty. She was very pleased at this, but now she fears nothing. Although for some time the fear of man had made her wish to keep the matter secret, it is not so any longer, for on leaving the house this morning, she said to her servant, "If any one asks you why I have gone out so early, say, I have gone to

Mde. Rabaud's to be baptized." May the Lord be very near to this dear friend, brought to the knowledge of the truth at the eleventh hour. I will now copy for you the questions and the address, with which Mr. Monod has kindly supplied me.

**BAPTISM OF LYDIA M., JEWESS, AGED 84 YEARS,
AT THE HOUSE OF MADAME F. RABAUD,**

January 18th, 1855.

The following portions of Scripture were read—
Ps. ciii., John iii. 14—18. "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world: but that the world through Him might be saved."

Gal. iii. 6, 14, 24, 29. "Even as Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness. That the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ: that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith. Wherefore the law was our school-

master to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith. And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." Then a hymn was sung, No. 29, from *Chants Chrétiens*.

THE ADDRESS.

The occasion of our assembling together to-day is peculiarly touching. We are assembled to present in baptism, not an infant at the commencement of its earthly career, but a sister who is near its termination. She has considerably advanced us in life. She is one of those of whom Moses speaks in the 90th Psalm ; and though she comes humbly asking baptism at our hands, it would become us to bow with reverence before her, as a mother in Israel, and to say in one sense, as it was said of old on the banks of Jordan, " I need to be baptized of thee ; and, Comest thou to me ?" This new sister in Christ being a daughter of Abraham, has this extra claim on our sympathy and respect. She belongs to that people to whom the promises are made. Let us beware of despising them, seeing that " Salvation is of the Jews." Brought by the study of the Holy Scriptures, by prayer, by conversation with Christian friends, and by that spirit of candour which God has put into her heart, to recognize

Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and to believe in Him as her Saviour, she has desired to make this confession of her faith, and to become a member of the Christian Church ; for which end she this day desires to be baptized. And with full confidence, my dear and venerable sister, I confer this rite upon you. You know what this ceremony means. It will not make you a Christian ; but it represents what Christianity in you is. "The baptism that saves," says Peter,* "is not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." Notwithstanding, we would beware of neglecting this ordinance ; for it is the sign of the New Covenant into which you enter. "Go," says Jesus Christ, "and baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." I feel assured that on Jesus Christ alone you lean as your Redeemer—that your desire is to serve Him and die in the peace of Christ—and this is why I unhesitatingly and joyfully comply with your request. Dear, venerable sister, be strong in the Lord, and in the word of His grace. Perhaps trials may await you ; you have foreseen them, and God has given you courage to meet them. Fear nothing,

* 1 Peter iii. 21.

He who has begun a good work in you, will finish it. It is He who has opened your heart, as of that pious Lydia whose name you bear, to attend to the things spoken of Jesus Christ. During eighty-four years He has been knocking at the door of your heart. What infinite love ! Let not the thought trouble you that you are abandoning the religion of your fathers ; you do not abandon it ; you follow it in reality, and carry out its results. David would have become a Christian. Continue then to serve the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. You will see more and more clearly that He is the Christian's God. Pray ! Wait upon God like Anna the prophetess, and Simeon, who waited for the deliverance of Israel. You may say with them, " Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Q. 1.—Why do you desire to be baptized ?

A.—I desire to be baptized as the sign of my entrance into the Church of Jesus Christ, which He bought by giving Himself for it, and which He guides by His Spirit.

Q. 2.—What is your hope ?

A.—I believe firmly that all men, Jews and

Gentiles, are all under sin, and that they are incapable of delivering themselves from this state; that the wages of sin is death. I believe that God pitied us in our lost estate, and that He so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, Jew or Gentile, should have eternal life. I believe that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah announced by the prophets and expected by our fathers; that this Divine Redeemer has reconciled us to God His Father, and that He made a new covenant with us; not to abolish the old covenant made with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but to fulfil it. I believe that we enter into this covenant by humble faith and sincere repentance.

Q. 3.—Do you desire to be baptized in the faith you have now professed?

A.—It is in this faith I desire to receive baptism, to finish my course on earth, and to fall asleep in Jesus, the Lord, whenever He shall call me. May God be my helper, and give me grace to keep the resolution I have this day made, to be faithful to my Saviour to the end of my days. Amen.

She pronounced the words on her knees very clearly: and added, “*Yes, I believe all that, and I am very happy.*”

The baptism then took place, and Mr. Monod

addressed a few more words, which she appeared to feel deeply. We then made a collection for the Jews, of which Mr. Cohen undertook the distribution.

But, my dear friend, what I cannot convey on paper, is the fine intonation of Mr. Monod's voice, and the earnest and solemn tone with which he spoke. All our little company appeared to realize the promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." We felt His immediate presence amongst us. I am sure we shall ever retain a solemn yet sweet remembrance of this day. May we all, at the great day, be gathered together at the feet of this Jesus who has died to take away our sins.

Believe me,

Ever yours affectionately,

ELIZA RABAUD.

Mrs. Cohen called the following day on Lydia M., and found her in a most happy frame of mind. She said, "I am very happy. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name. I feel as though some heavy burden had been taken away. I have now no wish to live."

FROM LYDIA M. TO L. H.

MARSEILLES, *April*, 1855.

MY DEAR L.,

Yesterday I wrote a long letter to your brother G. ; tedious no doubt to him, and not less so to my poor sight. I have prayed to be able to reply to yours *to-day*, for of to-morrow we are not sure. I now begin rapidly to feel all the infirmities attached to age ; loss of sight, hearing, and feeling, for my hands tremble much, and I believe the gout is in one of my feet. But all these things are trifles, so that my beloved Saviour grants me my mind to the last moment of my life. At that time all the cares of this world may be forgotten. I have not yet been able to go to Church ; I hope to go on Sunday, and to take the Communion. Our good pastor, Mr. Monod, has been several times to see me, questioning me on my faith, and seems quite satisfied at my answers. Mr. and Mrs. Cohen come as often as they can. I hear the railroad will be opened on the 16th, from here to Lyons. If you leave Marseilles at 7 A.M., you arrive at Lyons at 7 P.M. Sleep there one night, and arrive at Paris the next morning ; so that if you will not come to see me, I perhaps may go to pay you a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Cohen offer to accompany me just to Paris, and then

surely some one of the family will take the pains to go as far as Paris to fetch the aged pilgrim home. I am invited every Thursday to dine at the Rabaud's, but I do not always go. I think I have been four times since my baptism. I love Madame Rabaud, she is an excellent person; but her visits are very much like the doctor's, short, but much sweeter. I have written out my last will and testament myself, and did not forget the Institution for Orphans which Mdle. du P. superintends; nor that for the conversion of the Jews. Madame Rabaud offered to be one of my executors, and Mr. Cohen the other. My kind remembrance to E. T. W. Call on and publish to them my change of religion, and tell them how much happier I am, than before I sought the Lord our Redeemer, who is ever ready to receive the greatest sinner. They have the Bible. Tell them to name it to the Miss P's., and to E. T., and to whoever enquires after my welfare.

Adieu, dear sister in Christ,

LYDIA M.

The aged convert was enabled, according to her wish, to go to church, and make a public profession of her faith at the Lord's table. And when through deafness and increasing infirmity she was no

longer permitted to enjoy this privilege, a few Christian friends met together, and the pastors administered the Communion in private. On one occasion, before Mr. Monod began the service, she raised her eyes to heaven, and said, "O blessed Jesus, behold my poor heart, and give me on this occasion some additional supply from the fulness of Thy grace. May Thy Spirit fill my heart and mind, and draw me entirely to Thee." These commemorations of her Saviour's dying love, and the anniversaries of her baptism, were seasons of deep solemnity and hallowed enjoyment. On one occasion Mrs. Cohen reminded her that the Day of Atonement had just passed, and said, "You know that without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." She said, "Yes, I know it, and feel it too; all I can say is, 'Lord, what I know not, teach Thou me,' and I often repeat these words, 'Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.' " She said, "Unbelief has been and still is our sin, the veil is on our eyes; but it shall be removed, for God has promised it. They will not search the Scriptures as I do." With uplifted eyes she added, "I will tell you what I say to the Anointed One, (Jesus I mean,) 'If I have done or said any thing against Thee, pardon, oh pardon me, for I did it in ignorance.' "

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

August, 1855.

MY DEAR L.,

Yesterday I received your kind letter, and as I have passed a quiet night after a week's suffering and excruciating pain, I profit by this interval of repose to say a few words in reply. I am happy to find you are in good health, and able to enjoy the society of your relatives, which happiness the Lord did not see fit to allow me ; I am quite a recluse. For shame on me to say so ; Have I not the blessed Saviour by me ? He is all in all to me. Oh ! surely, He will never forsake those who confide in Him. Do not be under any apprehension as to my faith in the Word of God being shaken by Mr. A.,* or any other. Poor man ! it was but one remark he made to me, which was that he did not approve of the expression, "the only begotten Son of God ;" but when I told him "our thoughts are not the Lord's thoughts," he ever after held his tongue upon the subject. I was sorry Mde. R. related it to you, and perhaps I was doubly wrong in telling her of it. . . . Write more frequently, it gives me much pleasure to hear from you all.

* A Socinian.

God be ever with you, bless, and preserve you
all, prays,

Your affectionate,
LYDIA M.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

September, 1855.

MY DEAR L.,

I have received your kind letter, enclosed to Mde. Rabaud, but have not had a moment of ease to reply to it till to-day. I am suffering from a sprain in my left side, which has affected my nerves. I am seldom free from spasmodic pains, which reach to my heart. I may truly say we are in the midst of trouble in the house where I am. A poor widow and her son were both attacked with cholera; the latter is recovered, but there is little hope of the mother; the doctors fear typhus fever will ensue. I am praying to our all-powerful God and Saviour to relieve her from her trouble. We are all born to die once. I thank my God I have no fear. I only hope to have my senses to the last moment of my life, and to say, His will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Mr. and Mrs. Cohen have just left for the country; a friend has invited

them to a beautiful country-place. I feel their loss greatly ; they are both excellent Christians. They never left me without our all kneeling in prayer together. Mr. A.* has been dangerously ill for some weeks with typhus fever ; he is now thought out of danger, and seems quite happy to hear the Bible read to him by the pastor, or Mr. Cohen. Who knows but this illness may be for his conversion. God works in a mysterious way. I do not hear from my, but I expect when he hears I am a Christian, he will leave me as the rest have done. But I have One who will never leave nor forsake me, Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour. Oh, what a precious Friend He is ! Pray do give my love to Mrs. B. and her family, and say how much I feel for her loss, but what He decrees is right. I have written a long and clear letter to the A. . . .'s, and have received their answer, but only the Lord can operate on their minds. What reply did C. J. make when he heard I had changed my religion ?

Believe me always,

Yours affectionately,

LYDIA M.

* The gentleman alluded to in the last letter.

The following letter is the one referred to above, the copy of which was found among her papers.

FROM LYDIA M. TO

August, 1855.

My DEAR,

I am aware that you have been apprised of my baptism, and therefore I shall not write upon that subject, but will merely say that I feel very happy since I have been brought to rely on the merits of my crucified Messiah for salvation; and my prayer to the God of Abraham is, to remove the veil from your eyes, as it has pleased Him to remove it from mine, and enable you to behold in Jesus of Nazareth, the true Messiah, who was foretold by the prophets, and looked for by our nation. Be assured it is the love I have for your eternal happiness which induces me to write to you on this subject, and to send you the accompanying book, "Old Paths," which, I hope, you will accept; and I pray God it may prove as beneficial to you as it has to me. But I must beg of you not to lay it aside indifferently, but hope you will carefully peruse it, as it will show you what the religion of the oral law is, which we so blindly follow. I implore you, as you value your soul's salvation, to divest your

mind of all prejudices, and search the Scriptures for yourself as I have done ; and I feel assured, if you search with an unprejudiced mind, seeking God's guidance to enlighten you, you cannot fail to be convinced that Jesus is the true Messiah, of whom Moses and the Prophets wrote, and whom we have so long rejected, and for which we have been for more than eighteen centuries a by-word and reproach among the nations.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

LYDIA M.

FROM LYDIA M. TO G. L.

Nov., 1856.

MY DEAR G.,

I hear, thank God, through the R's, that you are all in good health, and hope you will enjoy that blessing many years. As to myself, I feel nature fast declining. No sleep at night, from cramp in my legs, and a violent cough that tears my inside. I am better up than in bed I look for seven o'clock to rise, and have my breakfast, and attend to my household concerns. I retire at nine o'clock. Surely ten hours sleep should be enough, yet my lazy servant would lie longer if I did not call her. We have had summer

weather. Twice only have I had the fire lighted in my room. Should Mr. Cohen pay you a visit, receive him kindly. He is a good Christian man, although once a blind Jew. He is by birth a Prussian; his wife was born in Wales; she is a mild temper, and I a tiger; but I love God, He knows it, and cares for me.

Ever yours affectionately,

LYDIA M.

Who that peruses the previous history can doubt of God's care for her? She was now about to experience one of the surest proofs of it; for "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Heb. xii. 6. We must not wonder then that it pleased Him to put her faith to strong trial, and to exercise her oft repeated assurance, "I know He will never forsake me." It was during this winter that she received a visit from . . . , on his way to the East. The aged pilgrim had now entered her eighty-sixth year—her infirmities had much increased. Early in 1857, to a friend she writes: "I am still ill, and never expect to be well again in this world." It was about this time that she received the visit mentioned above. During the course of it, she ejaculated, as she often used to do, "Oh, Jesus! have mercy on me!" When

the mention of that name, so sweet to a believer's ear, but to the Jews a stumbling-block, caused her visitor to snatch up his hat, and rush out of the room ; and from that hour till her death, he never held further intercourse with her by word or deed. For some years she had been the recipient of his bounty, ever since the loss of her income. Here, then, was a touchstone. We shall see from the following letters how her faith stood firm under these trying circumstances, so "that the things which happened unto her, have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel." The first is addressed to the offended relative, of which, at my request, she forwarded me a copy. The last is from Mr. Cohen to myself, bearing a noble testimony to her Christian character.

FROM LYDIA M. TO

MARSEILLES, *March* 16, 1857.

MY DEAR,

In consideration of all your kindness towards me, it is impossible for me to pass over in silence our last momentary interview, afforded me doubtless by yourself from the same affectionate disposition which you have ever manifested, without expressing my hearty regret at the

untoward circumstance of your sudden withdrawal from my apartment. Aware of the short opportunity there is left me by Divine Providence of thanking you for all the kind interest you have taken in my welfare, I desire to do it now most cordially, and to assure you, that my heart's desire and prayer for you is, that you may be saved by that only name of Jesus the Messiah, by which alone man may be saved, even by Him whom you blindly reject. I am aware you would hardly thank me for praying for you in that name, because the veil of unbelief is still upon you, as it has been these eighteen centuries upon our poor benighted people of the House of Israel, for having crucified their own Messiah, the Lord of Glory. Nevertheless, I feel it my duty and privilege to bear testimony for the holy name of my Saviour whom I expect soon to meet in the regions above, where He is gone to prepare a place for me, and for you also, if you do not persist in your unbelief: but search as I did, and that honestly and ardently, the scriptures of Moses, the Psalms, and the Prophets, which testify of His passion, death and resurrection. I remain, with much love and gratitude,

Your affectionate, aged . . . ,
 LYDIA M.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR,

I can assure you I have been happier than ever I was before my baptism, because I know I am in the fortress of Jehovah, the ark of the covenant made to our forefathers, and ratified by the Lord Christ, our true Messiah, when He cried on the cross, "It is finished." This is the only sure hiding-place, where I hope you, and all revolted Israel, may hide from the wrath of an offended God. Search the Scriptures as I have.

"I once was blind, but now I see,
Was lost, but now am found."

I place my trust in Jehovah, my Redeemer, who counts me worthy to suffer for His sake, and whilst I live, I shall not cease to pray to Him to save your soul, and I conjure you to be reconciled to God, through His Son. Be ready, for the hour may be near. He will come like a thief in the night. Repent, repent, repent! He will judge us all according to our works.

Your affectionate,

LYDIA M.

FROM MR. COHEN TO MRS. H.

MARSEILLES, *Sept. 29, 1857.*

DEAR MADAM,

It has long been my desire to write a few lines to you about your aged friend, and bear my humble testimony to her love of the Saviour, whom she has found in the eleventh hour.

From the "Jewish Herald" you will be able to see how God led her step by step, until she was enabled, through the aid of the Spirit, to cast her anchor within the veil. I have seen much of her, and therefore I know her good as well as her *bad* qualities, as some would call it. It is true she is at times a little querulous, but I believe not more so than people generally are, who have reached her age, especially with a temper naturally warm and irritable. I have spent many happy hours with her, and I can assure you, I would not have missed them for anything. It is indeed delightful to hear her talk of the love of Christ, what He has done for her soul, and of her faith and hope in Him. Only the other day she said to me, "I long to be with Jesus, my heart is with Him : yes, blessed Saviour, I wish to be with Thee, to see Thee face to face : death will be gain to me." When I think of her advanced age, of the few years she has known the Saviour, and of the deep

experience to which at times she gives vent, I am quite amazed, and have often said to myself, "this is of God."

.... has not sent his usual gift. He always sent it a week or so before the Jewish new year ; but this time it has not arrived. I am sure you would love the old lady, to see the Christian spirit in which she takes this. It must be a trial to her to be left without the accustomed resource at her time of life, but, as she says, "God will provide for her," and I believe He will. Yesterday Mrs. Cohen called on her, and found her in a most delightful spirit. In speaking of, Mrs. Cohen asked her whether she felt it a trial not to have received the usual present from him, she said, "No, not at all, I feel very happy ; I know that God will provide for me, He will not let me want." She added, "I have been thinking of writing to him again, and of sending him the portion for the 2nd October, contained in the 'Daily Remembrancer ;' which, I think, is very suitable to my case, but more especially the lines." Dear Madam, as you may not have this little book, I subjoin these lines ; you will see by them the clear view she has of things :

" Shall I for fear of feeble man
The Spirit's course in me restrain ?

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
 Conceal the-Word of God, Most High ?
 How then before Him shall I dare
 To stand, or how His anger bear ? ”

I saw her this morning, and I advised her to defer writing to for a month or six weeks. I need not ask you to pray for her, I am sure you do. May the Lord spare her life for many years to come, that she may bear a living testimony to the truth of our holy religion.

I hope you will pardon me for this liberty, in thus trespassing on your time. Wishing you every blessing,

I remain,

Dear Madam,

Your humble servant,

J. P. COHEN.

The above testimony to the aged Lydia's strong faith and happy assurance, was only a corroboration of what a relative, who visited her in the spring of this year, witnessed. He spoke of "the happy hours at her bed-side," of the wonderful vigour of her mind, and of the intense interest with which he listened to her clear views of faith, and her assured hope in Christ, as the Lord her Righteousness. He added to the means for sup-

plying her with every needful comfort ; nor were there wanting other instruments in God's hands to fulfil His gracious promise, " My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." * For, in the early part of 1858, a nephew, whom she had not seen for many years, visited her, carrying with him pecuniary gifts from himself, and three other relatives. These supplies were very acceptable : for, as her infirmities increased, it was essential that she should have a nurse to sit up with her at night, as well as her usual attendant. But to the praise of the glory of His grace, be it thankfully recorded, she never did lack ; and that her reiterated assurance, " He will provide," was abundantly fulfilled to the end of her prolonged pilgrimage.

FROM LYDIA M. TO GEORGE YONGE, ESQ.

MARSEILLES, *Sept.*, 1857.

DEAR ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I have to acknowledge your second letter, enclosed to our beloved Mr. Cohen, which

* Phil. iv. 19.

I read with extreme pleasure ; and although we are not personally acquainted with each other, I feel drawn to you as to a dear friend in Christ. I know it is the power of our blessed Saviour's love which links all His believing people together ; one Saviour, one Spirit's teaching. Oh ! that He would give me more of His Spirit to love Him more, and to show that love to those around me ; more faith in the fulness of that sacrifice which has been made for me, and all who believe in Him. When I think of His long forbearance *with sinful me*, four-score years and more, and thus to have brought me into His fold at the end of my pilgrimage, surely I can say, "the goodness of the Lord endureth for ever." Pray for me that He may be with me in the valley and shadow of death, which, I think, cannot be very far off, for I feel nature sinking fast ; but God is very gracious to me in sparing my faculties, and I may say, according to my age, I enjoy a pretty good share of health. I thank God I am able to pray for those who are unkind to me, for I know they do it in ignorance ; and it is but little to suffer for Jesus who has done so much for me, and who was forsaken by all His friends. What amazing love ! Poor, blind Israel, groping in the dark, and will not come to the light of the Gospel ! I pray that God may hasten the day of their redemption. I

sincerely hope you enjoy health. Wishing you every blessing,

I remain,

With much Christian love,

Your friend and sister in Christ,

LYDIA M.

Her correspondence with me gradually slackened towards the close of the year 1857 ; though I continued occasionally to write to her. The latest letter I remember seeing, was dated December, 1857. It contained but a few lines to my brother G. L., for whose unvarying kindness and help she entertained the deepest gratitude. In this letter she begged for "James' Anxious Inquirer," and for a sixpenny loaf of English bread that she longed to taste. These were to be sent by D. C., from whom she had been long expecting a visit. She adds, "All that I can say of myself is, that I am daily on the decline, but God's will be done." She was now in her eighty-seventh year. Her sight, her hearing, her memory, were gradually failing, and towards the end of the spring of 1858, it was apparent to all that her days were numbered ; and all who loved her were longing that she should be called home. This happy event, however, did not occur till the

22nd of June, when she calmly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. Her oft repeated petition was granted, that she might retain her senses to the last. The night before her death she was in earnest prayer, and on being asked whether she was enjoying peace, she answered, "Yes, and I am longing for my Saviour to come and fetch me. He is God and man."

Her valued friend, Mr. Cohen, was absent at Lyons, and writes thus touchingly to a friend respecting her death:—

"I cannot tell you how much I regret my absence from Marseilles; had I known that the change in our venerable sister was so near, I would have remained, to be with her in the hour of death, and follow her to the grave, both of which she so greatly desired.

"During the last six months of her life she suffered intensely from internal pains, but I never heard her utter one murmuring or complaining word against Him who had thus afflicted her. She bore this, as well as every other trial which it pleased God to send her, during the few years of her Christian life, with patience and holy fortitude, learned in the school of her Master. 'She counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, her Lord: for whom she suffered the loss of all things;' and

she was persuaded that her light affliction, which was but for a moment, would work for her a far more 'exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' I shall never forget the happy hours I have passed with her. She was not merely satisfied with the evidences of Christianity, and with the proofs that Jesus is the true Messiah, but deeply felt her own sinfulness and her need of a Saviour. She felt that she had to do with a Holy God, and that her life had not been in accordance with His Divine will. She was a Jewess, and belonged to a Jewish aristocratic family, and had moved in the wealthier walks of Jewish society ; but she felt she was a sinner and needed a Saviour, and as such she went to the Lord Jesus Christ ; and as He came to seek and to save that which was lost, He had mercy upon her at the eleventh hour, filled her with joy and peace in believing, and made her to know the comfort and consolation of the Gospel. She would often say, with great emphasis, ' I am a great sinner, but I believe in a great Saviour.' Such was the earnestness of her heart and mind, and so deeply was she affected by the precious truths of the Gospel of Christ, that several times I have been obliged to pause in my conversation, or in reading the Word of God with her, to let her weep, and often we have wept together. Jesus was her all ; to her ' to live was Christ, and

to die gain.' From the day of her conversion to the day of her death she was enabled, through grace, to bear a faithful testimony to the truth and reality of the religion she professed, and to the faithfulness of the Saviour whom she loved, and for whom she rejoiced to have been counted worthy to suffer losses and reproaches. We may well then join in ascribing praise to God for that mercy which was granted to our departed sister through Him of whom in early life she was entirely ignorant."

Another friend writes :—

"I saw Miss M. a little before her death; she was calm and composed, and perfectly aware of her approaching end. I asked her whether she was happy? She replied, 'Very happy. I know in whom I believe—Jesus—God and Man. Come, Saviour, take me to thyself.' As she lived, so she died, full of love to Him who loved her. Death was no terror to her: it was a delightful prospect. She always spoke of it invitingly and cheerfully. She used to say, 'There is one way to heaven, and that is through Jesus Christ, to whom we must go for the pardon of our sins; and He, and He only, can fit us for that happy place. I feel the infirmities of my poor nature, but my sense of pain is lost when I

think on what my Saviour has suffered, and in my ardent hope of meeting Him soon in heaven, where He is gone to prepare a place for me.' ”

That she entertained a clear view of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, is manifest by the manner in which she prefaced her will, drawn up by her own hand;—

“ Calling into mind the mortality of my body, knowing it is appointed unto all men once to die, I do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament ; that is to say, I give and recommend my soul into the hands of my blessed Saviour; and my body I recommend to the earth, to be buried after 48 hours, not doubting but at the general resurrection I shall receive the same again, through the redemption of my blessed Saviour.”

In sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life, her body was committed to the earth on the 24th day of June, 1858. She was followed to the grave by a few Christian friends and several members of the Consistory, who desired to shew this testimony of respect to her memory. Had she lived till the month of September, she would have completed her eighty-seventh year, being born in 1771.

"THOUGH DEAD, SHE YET SPEAKETH."

May this whole history of the love, the power, the faithfulness of God to His aged servant, strengthen our faith and stir up our hearts to more earnest, persevering, intercessory prayer. May it lead us to search the Scriptures daily, in the same candid spirit of inquiry after truth. Like her, may we find the Word of His grace able to build us up, and to give us an inheritance among all them that are sanctified, through the knowledge of Him of whom Moses in the Law and in the Prophets did write—Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.

F I N I S .

London : Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

